First I had gone to Bagatelle (exhibit of portraits — a very beautiful one by Courbet-a very odd one by Monticelli — almost all the rest very ordinary) —visit to the rose-garden.

Lunched in a low-class restaurant at Suresnes. Took the train as far as Marly. Interesting route to Saint-Germain, which I repeat (after having rung at Maurice Denis's house in vain) in the hope of getting to Versailles. But I start out wrong and first go to Saint-Cyr.[19]

Visited the two Trianons, which I didn't remember well. Didn't take much interest in the ''visit of the apartments/'

Very tiring return. Having got out of the train at Bellevue, I get lost in frightful sections, cobbled roads on which the bicycle is impossible; take the train again from Bas-Meudon to Javel; get home early enough to take a delightful shower.

But today is a day without any good in it. Loss of time; correcting proofs of *L Enfant prodigue* —which I go and return to *Vers et Prose* right after lunch.

To the Colonial Exposition at'Saint-Mande by metro. Endless trip; great fatigue. Terrible fit of the blues upon hearing Arab music again, even though it was very nondescript, at that very nondescript exposition.

Crossing all of Paris in the m6tro, I end the day at the Sudanese village in Neuilly.

16 June

Arrived yesterday evening at Cuverville, at ten p.m. because of a delay in trains, Having missed the connection at Les Ifs, we had to go to Havre, where we dined while waiting for the evening train. I haven't had the heart to chat with this notebook the last few days. Suddenly one morning, spells of giddiness seized me again, and for fear of falling back into last year's sorry state of cerebral fatigue, I interrupted almost all work.

Then a flood of chores carried me to 15 June like a half-drowned

man who, to save his breath, is satisfied to float. Yet, between going down the first and second times, I succeeded in writing the first scene of *Ajax.* Vast disgust with almost all the literary production of today and with the "public's'* satisfaction with it. I am ever more convinced that to obtain a success *beside* one of these successes could not satisfy me* It is better to withdraw. Know how to wait, even if I have to wait until after death. To long for lack of recognition is the secret of the noblest patience. In the beginning, with such remarks I used to feed my pride with words. But not any more. The height of one's pride can be measured by the depth of one's scorn.

[19] Saint-Germain, Suresnes, Marly, Saint-Cyr, and Versailles are all Within a few miles of Paris.